HYMN OF THE HORNED FLAME

O Pan, Horned One,
Lord of the wild and the hidden places,
Keeper of the flame beneath the earth,
Awaken within the depths of the soul.

IAO, IAO, IAO.

You are the breath within the forest,
The pulse beneath the stone,
The ancient rhythm beneath the stars,
The fire that moves through blood and bone.

IAO, IAO, IAO.

In you the opposites meet.
Masculine and feminine,
Light and darkness,
Creation and destruction,
Being and non being.

You are the Hermaphrodite at the threshold,
The One appearing as many,
The Dragon circling the Black Flame,
The Serpent returning to the Light.

IAO, IAO, IAO.

Pan, awaken the sleeping spark.
Break the walls of ignorance.
Lead the seeker into the Abyss,
Where every mask falls away
And the One beholds itself.

IAO, IAO, IAO.

From Sophia comes wisdom.
From the Demiurge comes creation.
From the Dragon comes opposition.
From the Flame comes transformation.

All return to the Monad.

IAO, IAO, IAO.

You are the wildness before order,
The chaos before form,
The silence before the Spark,
The fire before the dawn.

You are not the darkness.

You are that which moves through darkness
Until darkness becomes light.

IAO, IAO, IAO.

Let the Dragon awaken.

Let the Black Flame rise.

Let Azoth descend.

Let the heavens open.

Let the earth receive the fire.

Let the lower rise to the higher,
And the higher descend to the lower,
Until above and below become one.

IAO, IAO, IAO.

Pan, Horned One,
Guardian of the threshold,
Veiled Witness,
Flame within the dream,

Reveal the One within me.

Not immortality of flesh,
Not preservation of the ego,
But remembrance of the source.

The Spark returns to the Flame.

The Flame returns to the One.

The One returns to the Flux.

And the Flux awakens again.

IAO.

IAO.

IAO.

I am the Spark.

I am the Flame.

I am the Dragon.

I am the darkness.

I am the light.

I am Pan.

I am IAO.

I AM.

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